

THE MODERATE MAN AND OTHER VERSES

BY EDWIN HAMILTON.

Illustrated by

Harry Furniss





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“ ‘The Pirate comes ; beware, be ware !’ ”

Frontispiece.

P. 63.

THE
MODERATE MAN

And Other Verses

BY
EDWIN HAMILTON

AUTHOR OF "DUBLIN DOGGERELS," ETC., ETC.

With Twelve Original Illustrations

BY
HARRY FURNISS



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The Moderate Man.

I AM known to my friends as "The Moderate Man,"
Who keeps within limits as well as he can,
And can claim with excusable pride
That although, when at school, I was always a dunce,
I never received castigation—but once—
Or twice at the very outside.

When I read for the Army, the Church, and the Bar,
I was better than most undergraduates are,
But my study appeared misapplied;
For, somehow or other, I never got through,
Though every examiner passed me—but two—
Or three at the very outside.

Though money appeared little better than dross,
There's a line to be drawn between profit and loss,
And the loss may be suffered to slide;
Of the many dear friends who lent money to me
I meant to pay all but a couple—or three—
Or four at the very outside.

When I met any lady who pleased me, and who
Had the name of possessing resources for two,
I booked her at once as my bride,
But was never engaged at one period to more
Than two—or three possibly—certainly four—
Or five at the very outside.

I'm a temperance man as a matter of course,
And am seldom or never seen home by "the force,"
For the following rule is my guide:—

THE MODERATE MAN.

As soon as the daylight begins to arrive
I seldom touch more than four glasses—or five—
Or six at the very outside.

When my card-playing friends have induced me to play,
I have won, as a rule, just as often as they,
Just as often, in fact, as I tried;
But although I get fully my share of the tricks,
I rarely bring with me more aces than six—
Or seven at the very outside.

Though forty, I've taken up cricket again,
And endeavour to score a leg-bye now and then,
And can bowl a no-ball or a wide;
But although I make bets on the rival eleven,
I don't miss, on purpose, more catches than seven—
Or eight at the very outside.

MORAL NO. I.

Be a moderate man, like the writer of this,
For, too much of a good thing is often amiss;
Let the fiend of excess be defied;
Don't drink, flirt, nor swindle, and don't sit up late;
Be in bed every morning by seven or eight—
Or nine at the very outside.

MORAL NO. II.

If you happen to find your exchequer is low,
You should write for the papers (provided that no
Further friend can be found to provide);
And they're easily pleased; for this poem of mine
Has not been refused by more papers than nine—
Or ten at the very outside.



“‘The Moderate Man.’”

Constancy.

MY first, my only love was passing fair;
For, yellow (if I recollect aright)
Was then the fashionable shade of hair;
At any rate her hair was very light.
She was a barmaid (one pound ten a month),
And I an ensign in the onety-oneth.

I was no millionaire. An ensign's pay
(As need not be elaborately shown)
Is only a few paltry coins a day,
And this was all I could be said to own.
Thus I am only doing what is fair
In owning I was not a millionaire.

I was of age, and so indeed was she;
She said that she was nearly twenty-eight;
She didn't look so much, but then, you see,
Young girls are given to exaggerate.
Allowing for exaggeration, I've
Concluded she was twenty-four or five.

She said she loved me : if I recollect
Her manner and her tone of voice were such
That I said something to the same effect,
And truly, for I loved her very much.
What phrases I employed need not be told,
For all that spoony people say is old.

I volunteered to bring her presents, and
She said that she anticipated gloves.

CONSTANCY.

(I never liked a microscopic hand,
Eight and three quarters was my lady love's).
I willingly consented, for I knew
Where to procure them (kid) at two-and-two.

At last I hinted matrimony, she
Agreed, with blushes (which are orthodox).
Next day she would be game to fly with me;
Her boxes would be packed—or rather, box.
One such receptacle would hold the gear
Obtainable for eighteen pounds a year.

By noon next day I would be at the door,
Before the business should be well begun.
I undertook to bring a coach and four,
Meaning thereby, of course, a cab and one.
The coach might suit a millionaire in love,
I was a simple Ensign. (See above.)

Eleven p.m. arrived; I had to go;
(The present law was even then in force.)
I said good-bye, but did I kiss her? No;
I shook her hand (a little squeeze of course),
Alas! good easy man! I little knew
That I was squeezing then my last adieu.

And why was bliss like ours to be so short?
Did anything particular occur
To interrupt us? Nothing of the sort.
Did any other fellow slope with her?
No: but next morning I was not inclined
For matrimony, and I changed my mind.

The Contentious Q.C.

ONE Rigmarole Demosthenes McPhallisy Guffaw
Was a luminary, conversant with Equity and Law,
An authority on title, genealogies, entail,
Affidavits, primogeniture, conveyancing, and bail.

His theories on lunacy were reckoned very sound,
And his knowledge of insolvency was equally profound ;
His fees, though high, no litigant could logically grudge,
For, his brothers were attorneys, and his uncle was a judge.

He once had undertaken to appear for the defence
Of half a jailful, and the judge (a man of common sense),
After two or three acquittals, said, "The time is quite too short
To admit of mere formalities embarrassing the Court.

"Those prisoners whose counsel is McPhallisy Guffaw,
Being certain of acquittal, are invited to withdraw.
If they act upon the privilege, they leave the Court without
A stain upon their character. Now, jailer, let them out."

Though McPhallisy was eloquent in cases of the sort,
A cross-examination was undoubtedly his *forte*;
No witness that he ever cross-examined could maintain
That his character was anything but one gigantic stain.

It eventually happened that the judges of assize
Had an after-dinner argument and blacked each other's eyes;
A Licentiate in Surgery presided at the mill
And certified to Government that both were very ill.

THE CONTENTIOUS Q.C.

The department for deciphering illigible MS.
Gave the gist of the certificate as near as they could guess.
' A remarkable emergency," the secretary said,
' Two judges simultaneously 'affected in the head.'

" I must nominate as substitutes a barrister or two,
Here"—consulting the Directory—" these gentlemen will do ;
Mandamus Malafides Mephistopheles Macaw,
And Rigmorole Demosthenes McPhallisy Guffaw."

McPhallisy to start with had a murder case to try ;
The occurrence had been witnessed by a dozen passers-by,
The prisoner his murderous intention had expressed,
And his sanity the Faculty were ready to attest.

The culprit pleaded guilty, but McPhallisy Guffaw
Said, " Prisoner, you're naturally ignorant of law ;
You had better stand your trial, and I stake my wig and gown
I'll annihilate the theory put forward by the Crown."

Then the judge, whose force of habit was particularly strong,
Called the prisoner " my client," which was technically wrong ;
A judicial inadvertence which the prisoner enjoyed,
Though the public executioner was visibly annoyed.

The solicitors and barristers enjoyed the novel sport
Of hearing every witness cross-examined by the Court,
Till each of them, in swearing " to the best of his belief,"
Was admittedly a bigamist, a liar, and a thief.

When, divested of their characters, the witnesses went out,
Guffaw harangued the jury on the " benefit of doubt " ;



"A cross-examination was undoubtedly his *forte*."

THE CONTENTIOUS Q.C.

A verdict of acquittal was directly handed down,
"Good-morning," said the felon; "you can keep your wig and gown."

The case which next demanded the attention of the Court
Was also one of murder, but of quite another sort;
No particle of evidence could possibly be found,
And the prosecution theory had fallen to the ground.

It was manifestly hopeless to associate the crime
With the prisoner, who chanced to be in China at the time;
So the learned Attorney-General said, "Please your Lordship, I
Have determined upon entering a *nolle prosequi*."

Then Rigmarole Demosthenes McPhallisy Guffaw
Said, "Your Oriental travelling is no defence in law.
I'm hopeful of establishing the guilt of the accused."
(The public executioner was audibly amused.)

"You'd best plead guilty, prisoner, reserving your defence;
It will save your wife and family some trouble and expense
I'll sentence you to death until your innocence is proved."
And, "His Lordship," said the journalists, "was evidently moved."

When Rigmarole had meted out a moiety of doom,
They heard the back-door opening, and, from the judges' room,
Two venerable gentlemen, whose eyes were black and blue,
Came out exclaiming, "Now, sir, who the—Littleton—are you?"

"Behold in us Her Majesty's two judges of assize;
Your authority we question, your decisions we despise.
It's true we never held a brief, we never had to drudge;
For, an advocate is one thing, and another thing's a judge.

THE CONTENTIOUS Q.C.

"A judge should be a balance—only valuable when
Exempt from all the prejudice of educated men.
Let the beam be irreproachable, the scales exactly twins,
But the emptier the better till the balancing begins.

"Go back, sir, to your sophistry, your quibble, and your jest,
And leave the laying down of law to us who know it best;
As yet we're not infallible, but will be pretty soon,
For, we read *The People's Lawyer* every Sunday afternoon."

Guffaw made some remark about a "lady"—but in French,
And ceased, except in metaphor, to sit upon the bench;
To those judges he administered some pieces of his mind,
And he gave them such a "sitting on," that both of them
resigned.

He died, the Father of the Bar, at ninety-four or five,
His grandson occupied the bench while he was yet alive;
The obituary notice in the *Illustrated News*
Thus epitomised his power to substantiate his views :—

"Though an able controversialist, he hardly ever quite
Succeeded in establishing that black was simply white;
But his theory, which no one could successfully attack,
Was that white was just a delicate variety of black."

MORAL.

If you wish to take your place among the judges of the land,
Be solemn and oracular, be dignified and bland;
If content to be a barrister, learn Equity and Law,
Like Rigmarole Demosthenes McPhallisy Guffaw.

An Out-and-Outer.

If big opportunities come in your way,
Well and good—never meddle with small;
Do something worth doing, a thing that will pay,
Or you'd better do nothing at all.
Do you see any green? catch a weasel asleep—
That's the sort of a fellow I am;
I don't so much mind being hanged for a sheep,
But I'm hanged if I'm hanged for a lamb.

The following maxim I learned as a boy,
And I carried it out as a youth—
As you value veracity never employ
Any small deviation from truth.
I was never for making mendacity cheap
By the use of an innocent cram,
I don't so much mind being hanged for a sheep,
But I'm hanged if I'm hanged for a lamb.

In an old lady's pocket I happened to come
On a tract of the temperance type,
A peppermint lozenge, a bottle of rum,
And a twopenny-halfpenny "wipe."
Replacing the chattels, thought I, you may keep
Such indifferent property, ma'am;
I don't so much mind being hanged for a sheep,
But I'm hanged if I'm hanged for a lamb.

I have several times made a book on a race,
And I've not been a welsher as yet;

AN OUT-AND-OUTER.

My moderate gains have been taken with grace,
And my small liabilities met.
But if ever I collar a pretty good heap,
I'll be off by the train or the tram—
I don't so much mind being hanged for a sheep,
But I'm hanged if I'm hanged for a lamb.

I make no objection to taking my place
At a game of unlimited loo,
But I never would play an auxiliary ace
For less than a hundred or two.
Leave the sickle alone till there's something to reap,
And avoid an unpractical sham—
I don't so much mind being hanged for a sheep,
But I'm hanged if I'm hanged for a lamb.

* * * * *

My chamber is small and enshrouded in gloom,
A plank is my comfortless bed,
Bread and water on Sundays I calmly consume,
And on other days water and bread.
But you need not imagine I grumble or weep,
Or resent the withholding of jam—
I don't so much mind being hanged for a sheep,
But I'm hanged if I'm hanged for a lamb.

Spirit, Sound, and Space.

A MAN may give away his only drink,
Or clothe a beggar-man with half his tartañ;
Sir Philip Sidney did the one, I think,
The other they attribute to St. Martin.
If they were right, was I to blame in giving
My life away for her I wronged by living?

The reason I committed suicide
Was simply this—The girl I loved deceived me.
When that was so I virtually died,
Non-suicide could never have reprieved me.
My life was over when I had to doubt her,
For, life was death, and earth was hell without her.

“Deceived me?” no, not that; be mine the blame
For, blind with happiness, I lost discernment:
While love consumed me with a milder flame
I watched and feared, and knew what every turn meant.
No hint that she was false—I’d much prefer, say,
To hold that lies are truth, and *vice versa*.

The sun was setting in a bath of blood,
The sea looked cold and not at all inviting:—
Next moment I was fighting with the flood;
(I wanted death and can’t explain the fighting)
Once more I saw the sun, I saw him sink west,
Then all was cold and dark until the inquest.

The court is full, but I have room enough
(A spirit can’t be crushed, it lacks the tissue).
The jury find that I’m insane. What stuff!
Were I empanelled, and they left the issue

SPIRIT, SOUND, AND SPACE.

To me, I'd say, " My brother jurors, few are
Less mad than I,—I'm twice as sane as you are."

My girl is there; I note her heaving breast,
Her tears; but Jones (dear boy) has dried them for her.
Give me the man that's calm and self-possessed
When everybody else is thrilled with horror.
But if he knew the will I've made, I'm sure he
Would prove my sanity before the jury.

Sounds never die, philosophers have said,
But, individually undestroyed,
Our words, when we who uttered them are dead,
Must live and travel on through endless void.
There must be certain points where every word
We ever spoke may even now be heard.

I feel myself projected into space
With speed more swift than ever sound could travel
A million miles a minute—slacken pace,
For here are sounds in plenty to unravel.
That tune and I are racing; I am winning,
Because the end preceded the beginning.

I follow up the voices as they go;
They seem confused, I cannot get the knack, words
Are quite inexplicable. Ah! I know,
They're hard to recognise when spoken backwards.
Just then I overtook a roar of laughter,
But can't enjoy the joke that follows after.

I'll stop completely at the next fixed star,
And take a seat upon some friendly peak, whence



“Confound the man, he’s telling lies about me !”

SPIRIT, SOUND, AND SPACE.

I'll hear with perfect ease. So! here we are,
The sounds now reach me in their proper sequence.
It would be most extr'ordinary, should things
I've said come here—and, mind, I've said some good things.

There's Jones's voice,—you know, my greatest friend,—
I listen hard and now the words are clearer.
My name, by Jove! some praise, you may depend,
No friends on earth to one another dearer.
And, now I'm gone, how can he live without me?
Confound the man, he's telling lies about me!

Whose gentle voice was that? whose rippling laugh?
The girl I loved and left so far behind me.
She pleads with him, no doubt, in my behalf;
Well, no, not quite. The reptile who maligned me
Demands her heart, she says she does not own it.
It's mine, hurrah! no,—his. I might have known it.

This, by the distance, must be six months back,
The time my love and I were separated.
What noise was that? It sounded like a smack.
Kiss on, I'm dead; but still you might have waited.
I beg your pardon, but I said "Kiss on,"
Forgetting that the time was six months gone.

I lent you cash; you owe it, Jones, to-day;
I backed your bills, to tailors introduced you;
It then became my privilege to pay;
I praised your acting when I should have "goosed" you.
Your peccadilloes I condoned with grace,
I thought your heart was in its proper place.

SPIRIT, SOUND, AND SPACE.

The will I made (bequeathing all to her),
By reason of her unexplained desertion
I altered in your favour, worthless cur;
But had I known that, by a base perversion
Of truth, you said that I could treat my goddess ill,
My lawyer never should have framed that codicil.

I do not blame my darling; yours, you hound,
The blame. But, if she loved you more than me,
I would not, if I might, be safe and sound
Once more beside that dark and fatal sea.
I'll let you marry, though I might forbid it;
You stole her from me, but I'm glad you did it.

Yes, make her happier than I'd have done;
Tell no more lies, but treat her well and kindly.
Think what a priceless treasure you have won,
And use your eyes—poor me! I loved her blindly.
So long as she is happy I'm content;
I suffer for it, but I'm glad I went.

If, on the other hand, her heart is mine,
And mine for ever, as she told me often;
If she detests you for your damned design,
And loves me still, though dead and in my coffin,
The friendly fellow-fiends of him you cheated
Will try to treat you worse than he was treated.

Make no mistake; you shan't be left alone,
I won't take anything at all for granted;
I'll note your every word, your every tone:
Henceforward look upon yourself as haunted

SPIRIT, SOUND, AND SPACE.

From New Year's Day to 31 December—
For, time's no object to me now, remember.

Your interests and hers are intertwined,
Who injures one must injure both, and therefore
I don't intend to prey upon your mind,
Although her happiness is all I care for.
You know your duty, and if you fulfil it, I
Will back you to the best of my ability.

But, if a time should come—perhaps it will—
When she could wish you in a black conveyance,
Regard your doom as sealed; my powers of ill
Shall not be any longer in abeyance.
Expect a prompt and dismal dissolution,
And then—a more protracted retribution.

“I love you!” once these words were said to me,
They move through space as though she still were
speaking;
I'll catch them up wherever they may be,
Though half eternity be lost in seeking.
We'll go together, those sweet sounds and I,
Companions into dark immensity.

The Sort of Man he was.

I ONCE knew a sailor, whose name it was Bill,
And he was such a nice young man;
When he sailed, the girls wept till it made them quite ill,
He was such a sweet young man.
He courted one Molly, a regular dear,
Whose income was several million a year;
Every day he was absent she marked with a tear,
He was such a nice young man.
He was such a good young man,
Though rather a gay young man,
For he ate, drank, and slept, while his sweetheart wept,
He was such a wise young man.

On a Cannibal island one day he was wrecked,
And they said "What a plump young man!"
He eloped with the queen, but she didn't object,
He was such a sly young man.
"I forgive you, she's yours," said the monarch, said he,
"I shall never miss one out of seventy-three;
May she sit upon you as she sat upon me,
You are such a soft young man."
And he felt like a sold young man;
But he wasn't a dull young man,
So he gave her the slip in the very next ship,
He was such a fly young man.

He came home, and his Molly cried "Hip, hip, hooray!"
For she thought him a true young man,
And agreed to be married the following day,
He was such a brave young man.
But the black one turned up at the ceremon-ee,
And said "This here bridegroom is my proper-tee,"
"Oh take him, and welcome," says Molly, says she,
"For he's not such a nice young man."
He isn't a choice young man,
In fact quite a bad young man."
So Molly got wed to the curate instead,
And the black to her own young man.

Nicey, Icy, and Splicey.

AT a tea-fight I met her—the girl of my heart,
And my liking grew warmer and warmer;
At eleven the company had to depart,
So I longed to inform her and storm her.
I fibbed when I said I'd be passing her gate,
But my time had got shorter and shorter;
And a legion of rivals beheld me with hate,
For they hoped to escort her and court her.

On the road I pour out my esteem in her ear,
And my language grows plainer and plainer;
But at last it becomes undeniably clear
That, in trying to gain her, I pain her.
When she said "I'm engaged" (though it wasn't the truth),
I proceeded to flutter and stutter;
When I met her next day on the arm of a youth,
I did nothing but mutter, and cut her.

For a month I was smileless, and started a beard,
But in time I grew better and better.
(When I pined to behold her, she never appeared;
When I tried to forget her, I met her.)
I loved for a year and a week and a day,
With a love that grew colder and colder,
Till I found I had shaken my fetters away,
As I finally told her—and sold her.

She had loved me all through, as I afterwards heard,
With a love that grew truer and truer:
Her engagement a fiction (considerate word)
To make me pursue her and woo her.

NICEY, ICY, AND SPLICEY.

At first I believed my affection was dead,
Its remains became drier and drier;
But, whatever I might have imagined or said,
I liked to be by her, and eye her.

I denied that I cared the traditional straw,
But the boast became lamer and lamer;
My acquaintances—afterwards—told me they saw
That I wanted to claim her, and name her.
A year or two more, and a bachelor life
Appeared to grow loner and loner;
And (I speak from experience), to value a wife —
If you're dying to own her—postpone her.

The Barrel Organ

THE barrel organ is an instrument
To which no other kind can hold a candle;
In learning it no labour need be spent
Except in learning how to turn the handle
In this respect it's something like a churn.
(The ones with handles at the sides to turn.)

But is it not astonishing that we
Have never heard the name of the inventor?
And equally astonishing that he
(Around whose works our warmest feelings centre,)



"I liked to be by her, and eye her."

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Has not a temple in the niche of Fame
Because we happen not to know his name ?

His other deeds have not as yet been tracked ;
Some think the task a hopeless one, but some screw
From ancient records the important fact
That he it was who introduced the thumb-screw :
To him tall hats have also been assigned ;
And my opinion is—but never mind.

For years this great musician must have toiled,—
The deed was done, and man became his debtor.
(The barrel organ never can be spoiled,
Indeed the more it's played upon the better ;
And some of those which now delight our ears
Have all the sweetness of a hundred years.)

To every kind of literary men
The barrel organ is a great assistance ;
Its strains conduce to studying, and when
They chance to hear its music at a distance
They leave off working, and invite the man
To come as near their window as he can.

Suppose we cleave a specimen, and try
To ascertain the principle it's built on ;
And, further, form conjectures as to why
It isn't found in Dante nor in Milton.
They might have put a note :—"We much regret
The barrel organ's not discovered yet."

An Iron Belle.

JUST one word before I go
To a little evening party;
Pa is coming, you must know,
On condition of *ecarté*.
Am I married? Not as yet.
Quite from choice I'm unprotected;
Many would be glad to get
Half the offers I've rejected.

Books of poems have referred
To my tall and graceful figure
I'm too big you say? Absurd!
Ma was many inches bigger.
Little girls are all pretence;
Men don't care about them. No: I
Don't believe a man of sense
Could endure an atom so high.

My first offer must have been
When I was within a week of
Birthday number seventeen
(That's to say, my first to speak of).
'Twas a curate—I said no—
He implored, and I resisted.
Came again, and wouldn't go;
So I cut him. He enlisted.

Next a portrait painter paid
Compliments, and thought to charm me;
Then a wealthy man in trade;
Then a captain in the army.

LAY OF A LUNATIC LOVER.

I refused him—he'd declare
He must die, but I saw through it;
Swore he'd perish of despair,
But, of course, he didn't do it.

Then a doctor (as he said),
I shall always call him "Mr."
I consented, he instead
Woored and won my younger sister.
She's a silly little minx—
Pretty?—not a single feature.
Worse than all, she says she thinks
She has cut me out—the creature!

Others followed one by one.
I refused, and they were frantic.
One or other might have done,
Only I was so romantic.
I may meet with one to-night—
Nay, I ought to meet with plenty.
If I do—perhaps I might—
Though I'm only nine and twenty.

Lay of a Lunatic Lover.

THE last of one: a gloves of pair,
Half six, or underdone,
Except outside the anywhere
And twice as more than none.

LAY OF A LUNATIC LOVER.

How many fewer sorts of days,
The moon is on the grill,
And more than never wish to praise,
Is found at least or still.

If times more east than every day,
Before we had not gone,
At last to very near away,
Or else far much upon.

But come what may, by other sides,
And underneath them all,
The supper from the neck of tides
Rise down or up to fall.

The other fled but late before,
And later still to see,
But scarcely little under more
And never was to be.

Somewhere or other out of date.
So understood by one,
The half was five, the quarter eight,
The number barely none.

He barked for ever, years ago,
And half as less than ten,
The former map was made of dough
And back to glass again.

Come then, because the lemons rave
And howls the sparrow's child,

BALLAD.

The future lily builds the cave
For bantams unbeguiled.

The spider knew, but held his peace—
The pie was bricked with straw—
And, had he lost the nephew's niece,
The rest was all they saw.

From round and round to half the rest,
And once again to find,
He tried his worst and second-best,
And both the three combined.

Ballad.

O COME, my love, with me,
Let us wander by the sea,
For we never disagree,
Come away ;
Since thou art all my own,
Disagreement is unknown,
I can never be alone
For a day.

I remember how we met
As it happened to be wet,
And I never can regret
That the rain

BALLAD.

Which had just begun to drop,
(As I hadn't on a top-
coat,) compelled me in a shop
To remain,

Such a paragon of grace
And so beautiful a face
There was none in all the place
To eclipse ;
Thou wast altogether such
That I would have given much
To have felt thy gentle touch
On my lips.

Thy face is darker now,
For, occasionally thou
With a cloud upon thy brow
Art oppressed ;
And not many minutes hence
We are going to commence
With another one as dense
As the rest.

Thou art very dear to me,
(Though I never like to see
Such affairs as £ S. D.
Put in type,)
Seventeen and six was what
You were labelled ; was it not
A considerable lot
For a pipe ?

Blighted.

FALLEN a victim to Fortune's barbarity,
I have endeavoured—but vainly—to find
Any ridiculous dissimilarity
Severing me from the rest of my kind.
Though I was reared in the school of gentility,
Fortune has chosen to victimise me,
Fortune (the model of immutability)
Tethers me still to the foot of the tree.

"Read for the Bar," said my father, "you're meant for it"
True, the profession was never so full—
"Go for the woolsack," said he ; so I went for it ;
Yes, and they gave it me—all but the wool.
"Now for the Church, my boy, move in society ;
Aim at an archiepiscopal See."
Lawn was attractive ; the cruiskeen variety
Seemed—in a measure—adapted for me.

Then I attempted to shine as a journalist,
Craved the traditional penny a line ;
Every proprietor had some infernal list—
Name after name with precedence of mine.
Yes, though I might in the editor's room harangue,
Plead till I nearly was black in the face,
All my MS. would come back like a boomerang,
Coupled with lies about pressure on space.

Fame in the Drama, when other things fail us, is
Easily found—you have only to seek :
Were not your Hamlets and Sardanapaluses
First walking—sticks—on a guinea a week ?
Oh ! I could live on applause from the gallery,
Had they bestowed it instead of " the bird."

BLIGHTED.

Well, even so, I could live on my salary,
If I had got it, which never occurred.

Once I was nearly a case for the coroner
When Mephistopheles whispered to me,
"Go and make love to that elderly foreigner"—
Down went my name as her sole legatee.
"Nobody ever could treat such a goddess ill"—
Thus in her ear-trumpet daily I'd bawl ;
All to no purpose, a beast of a codicil—
After the funeral—robbed me of all.

Vanished is everything I had idealised,
Vanished like mists in the rays of the sun ;
None of the dreams of my youth have I realised,
(Yes, I pronounce it advisedly, none).
Friends have unitedly looked with a frown on me,
Adding, if possible, gall to my cup ;
Others have looked undeservedly down on me,
Knowing how hideously hard I was up.

Looking for credit were mere imbecility
With an unfortunate fellow like me ;
Very unlimited my liability,
Limited only my £ S. & D.
Therefore (as you, ere you've read very far, shall see),
Yielding submission to many a threat,
I should have ended my days in the Marshalsea,
Had they not ceased to imprison for debt.

People exhibit inquisitive greediness,
Asking me questions as long as your arm,
Chiefly concerning my general seediness,
Just as if that could do them any harm.



“ Fallen a victim to Fortune’s barbarity.”

BLIGHTED.

Now, let me give (if you wish for a specimen)
Some of the words of their insolent clan ;
As I relate 'em I'll try to compress 'em in
Sentences simple and few as I can :—

Who was that slovenly fellow along with me ?
Why is my tie in so hopeless a mess ?
What is the matter ? Is anything wrong with me ?
(Hoping, I'm sure, for the syllable "yes.")
Are both my tailor and hatter refractory ?
What's the amount of the money I owe ?
Is not my book with the bank satisfactory ?
(Hoping, I'm sure, for the syllable "no.")

Thus they take pleasure in civilly branding me
Idiosyncratic, all but insane ;
Then, after wilfully misunderstanding me,
Make me a speech in the following strain :—
"Had you preferred moderation to riot, you'd
Not have been spending the end of your days
Tortured with cares, and perplexed with disquietude,
Hid from you friends in obscurity's maze."

Then, if I'm angry, they think I'll be pacified,
Should but an offer of money be made ;
But, you'll agree with me, I'd be an ass if I'd
Think of accepting pecuniary aid.
Pounds, after all, are but shillings intensified,
Shillings but pennies in bundles of twelves ;
I should have taken more care of the pence if I'd
Known that the pounds would take care of
themselves.

Sweet Sorrow.

OH, the agony of parting ! when the train was all but starting,
When the final bell had sounded, how remorselessly it rang !
When that monster of a porter, for a second and a quarter,
Held open the compartment-door, and shut it with a bang.

It would fill a long epistle, in describing how the whistle
Seemed to rend my heart, as cruelly as possible, in twain ;
Then so viciously the stoker did manipulate the poker
That I hoped—or very nearly—that he'd never stoke again.

Still, officials must attend to their affairs, as other men do,
And to wish them any injury is rather out of place :
As the stokers and the drivers are but rarely the survivors
When a casualty happens—as is frequently the case.

When I felt the train in motion you can form but little notion
What I'd willingly have given for a moment's longer stay ;
How I contemplated *that* form, as, departing from the platform,
The objectionable locomotive hurried me away.

Then the horrible sensation of emerging from the station
Would be equally impossible and useless to relate ;
Yet, when regularly started, though extremely broken-hearted,
I submitted, with surprising resignation, to my fate.

At the first I felt dejected, as it might have been expected,
Matters looked so very gloomy, but I hadn't travelled far
When there occurred to me a most felicitous idea,
And I soon became encircled by the fumes of a cigar.

THE BROKEN BLADE.

Well, the fumigation balmy used its influence to calm me,
And a spirit of contentment took possession of my brain ;
For I found a consolation in the simple meditation
That it's worse to have to travel in a steamer than a train.

With a certain comic paper, and a denser cloud of vapour,
Oh, then what unapproachable felicity was mine !
For the rapture of a smoke in such a moment is unbroken,
Saving only by the prospect of a forty-shilling fine.

The Broken Blade.

ONE Xenophon Bellerophon DePegasus Molloy
In multiform iniquity had revelled from a boy ;
A naughty child, a wayward youth, a pestilential man,
Despised and loathed by all but one, Persephone M'Cann.

However, I'm anticipating; this is not the time
To deal with anything except his catalogue of crime ;
To give it *in extenso* would be wearisome, I guess,
So I'll help you to evolve it from your inner consciousness.

He made a book on races, brought a pack of cards about,
For intoxicating beverages played at "odd man out,"
He plagiarised, directed banks, discounted bills, and bribed ;
And many things more easily imagined than described.

Whenever Hallow's Eve came round, he said it was a bore ;
He refused to dive for apples in the tub, and furthermore

THE BROKEN BLADE.

On one occasion—this, I think, was going rather far—
He filled a nut with paraffin and put it on the bar.

One day a stranger said to him, "The day is rather dark"
(An ordinary meteorological remark),
Molloy, whose phraseology was never too select,
Said, "I didn't say it wasn't, sir," or words to that effect.

He married very frequently, in very many lands,
And never knew how many wives he had upon his hands,
Except on January 1, from nine to five o'clock,
The time that he devoted every year to taking stock.

One day, about to call upon Persephone M'Cann
(His wives were dead), he hit, as he imagined, on a plan
To make her his; accordingly, he purchased in a shop
An artificial flower with a beetle on the top.

You might never see its prototype from China to Peru,
Its hues were crimson, yellow-ochre, cinnamon and blue;
It was simply as unnatural as anything could be—
The sort of thing they give away with half a pound of tea.

The lady answered, tears the while encumbering her voice,
"I don't pretend, Bellerophon, to criticise your choice,
But still, I'd have a preference for anything that grew,
A primrose, or a cowslip, or a buttercup would do."

"Such delicately constituted specimens, I fear,
Are rare," he said, "at this inclement season of the year;
The daisies are exceptional, the dandelions few."
She replied—and smiled æsthetically—"anything that
grew."

THE BROKEN BLADE.

Through Stephen's Green they walked, and, as they went,
they looked around
To discover any dandelion still upon the ground,
But no such horticultural phenomenon was seen
Throughout that vast enclosure, called for brevity "The
Green."

They wandered to the waterfall, meandered by the mere,
They found a tree with half a leaf, but that was dry and
sere;
At length she cried, "A blade of grass, or anything that
grew,"
So he went and plucked a distant blade, the only one in
view.

But then, to his unutterable misery, he saw
Approaching him, in uniform, a minion of the law,
Who took him into custody, disdainingly proffered pelf,
And said he'd teach Bellerophon to misconduct himself.

But lessons in misconduct, though humanely meant, no
doubt,
Were just the things DePegasus could best have done
without.
They committed him for trial, and they thrust him into
jail,
For, in so very grave a case, they couldn't think of bail.

The day of the Commission came eventually round;
And when the jury-list was called, on fines of twenty
pound,
A jury was empanelled, and, before the case began,
They were evidently prejudiced against him to a man.

THE BROKEN BLADE.

Of course they found him guilty, for the *alibi* broke down
(A very clever barrister was counsel for the Crown);
The cap of doom his Lordship inadvertently took out,
Forgetting, for the moment, what the case had been about.

The judge addressed the prisoner with dignity and wrath,
He called him a malignant Turk, a corner-boy, a Goth
A poacher, an iconoclast (whatever that may be),
A Vandal, a Mahomedan, a Buddhist, a Parsee.

He read his previous history, his sentences a score,
Representing in the aggregate a century or more;
His previous misdemeanours had been terrible, but still,
When contrasted with the present one were virtually *nil*.

Then Xenophon was sentenced to be broken on the wheel,
And receive twelve lashes both before and after every meal
(A thing that every miscreant particularly fears),
And be kept in penal servitude for ninety-seven years.

MORAL.

Though vice, I grant, has much to recommend it, you
will find
It doesn't pay like virtue; so I hope you're disinclined
In multiform iniquity to revel from a boy—
Like Xenophon Bellerophon DePegasus Molloy.

Common-Sense Courtship.

SOME lovers are frantic,
And damage their hair ;
Some think it romantic
To die of despair ;
But this kind of lover
Will find he is wrong ;
He's sure to recover
Before very long.
The youth who is bolder
Than custom allows
Will find the cold shoulder
Reply to his vows.
The lady, enchanted,
Would like to say "yes";
Which cannot be granted
Him nevertheless.
And, though he regard her
With liking, or more,
She'll dampen his ardour,
And show him the door.
Professing to hate her
He beats a retreat,
But sooner or later
He's back at her feet.
The gallant who gushes
Is acting a part,
And bloom is to blushes
As art is to heart.
It's quite idiotic
To posture and rant ;
Where love's an exotic
It must be a plant.

COMMON-SENSE COURTSHIP.

I'd tell you the feeling
If only I could ;
I'd grovel, if kneeling
Would do any good.
I'd purchase a new tile,
And dress as a swell,
But that would be futile,
I know very well.
I'm called ill-conditioned
And ugly, but you
Have beauty sufficient
To answer for two.
You are not a girl I
Can honestly hate ;
I think of you early
And dream of you late.
All day by my desk you
In fancy are seen ;
Then come to my rescue—
You know what I mean.

Art and Science.

THERE was a time when Cupid reigned as king
In every land—at least so people stated,
Which may, of course, be quite another thing—
But now it seems he must have abdicated.
His code of laws, however, still remains
To puzzle men with scientific brains.



"It's quite idiotic to posture and rant."

ART AND SCIENCE.

The progress we are always boasting of
Has placed the god referred to at defiance ;
What was in Ovid's time the art of love
Has now degenerated to a science.
(The Arts and Sciences will fight about
That line : no matter, let them fight it out.)

A man in love—I speak of former years—
Was in it as distinguished from his senses,
Submerged completely, over head and ears
(The latter as a rule were eminences) ;
His hair was wild, his visage gaunt and thin,
And if he shaved he used to cut his chin.

He used to sing a moonlight serenade,
And, in return, get smiled at from the attic ;
But, though in former times it might have paid,
It isn't now considered diplomatic ;
He doesn't get the smiles, but may instead
Contract a passing bootjack in the head.

Romance in southern countries still survives,
But here it's altogether an exotic ;
And men who care about their future wives
Are looked upon as rather idiotic.
It thus devolves on Science to conceal
The love that Art was destined to reveal.

Away with serenade and light guitar ;
For why should admiration find expression ?
About the only necessities are
Impregnability and self-possession.
Let ardent lovers once for all beware,
None but the self-possessed deserve the fair.

The Prophetic C.E.

ONE Archimedes Kofferdam Theodolite De Vere
Had a sterling reputation as a Civil Engineer ;
But, although he was admittedly a scientific man,
While intellect was marching, he invariably ran.

His father said, " Oh give me back the good old coaching days,
When we left the 'Leech and Whisker' with a team of spanking
bays;
How the merry horn resounded as they clattered down the
street,
And the houses gave an echo to the music of their feet.

" Then the birds began to twitter, and the bees began to hum,
And the roads were so macadamised they sounded like a drum,
And the hedges were in blossom with the pink and white
of May,
And the dogs would bark and follow a considerable way.

" Then the guard, in all the glories of a low white beaver hat,
About every roadside object had a pleasant bit of chat,
So that even crabbed fogies, who were usually grim,
Grew boisterously talkative from listening to him.

" Then the bustle and excitement when we came to change the
team,
The breakfast with the muffins and the butter and the cream,
The coffee and the watercress, the sausages and chops,
Which made us wish the journey were a series of stops.

THE PROPHEMIC C.E.

"Then up again, the horn is blown, the horses paw the ground,
The pipes are lit, the flasks of grog are freely handed round,
Then as for time, a whole day's drive but made us wish for more;
And that's the sort of travelling I want you to restore."

The old man spoke ; the younger man, who wasn't very young,
Maintained a golden silence by the tenure of his tongue;
For, he knew that if he hinted at the progress of the age
He could never hope to curb the indefatigable sage.

But in silence he reflected, " If such sweeping changes can
Be undoubtedly accomplished in the lifetime of a man,
Why shouldn't new departures quite as striking in their way
Be positively pending in this more enlightened day?

" Our present boasted system is but clumsy after all,
And a mile a minute I regard as more or less a crawl;
How petty is the maximum of locomotive pace
Compared with the velocities in planetary space !

" A million and a half of miles is what is daily done
By this little earth, or planet, in careering round the sun;
And, in spinning round the axis, Equatorial Hottentots
Are every day accomplishing their twenty thousand knots.

" If a point upon the surface of the earth could but resolve
To be stationary, so to speak, and let the world revolve,
Such point would seem to travel very rapidly away,
And so describe a parallel of latitude per day.

" Suppose we have from West to East a line of railway run,
And a carriage metaphorically tethered to the sun,

THE PROPHECIC C.E.

The earth would move from under it, and, leaving it at rest,
Would keep on rolling Eastward while the car would journey
West.

"The vehicle, thus travelling in everlasting noon
And never more re-visiting the glimpses of the moon,
Would make a daily circuit, and you'd go by Sun Express
From Jeddo to the Mansion House in half a day or less.

"So much," thought he, "for East and West; from South to
North, I find,
Is simpler still, if possible, to any thinking mind;
For, the train would take a northerly direction by control
Of the magnet, on account of its attraction to the pole.

"If you wanted then a southerly direction, why of course
You could call on the inverted reciprocity of force.
While the natural motivities are flowing in a stream,
There's not the least necessity for generating steam.

"If a speculator living half a century ago
Had built a lot of coaches, say a dozen pair or so,
And bought sufficient horses at the ordinary cost,
When railways were invented what a fortune he'd have lost.

"Well, the present case is similar, I venture to opine;
On the eve of an invention so original as mine
Whoever makes a railroad on the antiquated plan
Is not an intellectually cultivated man."

A projected line of railway in the provinces had just
Been practically, fully, and financially discussed;

THE PROPHEPIC C.E.

And De Vere's specification, being reckoned very low,
Was the one for which the Company was satisfied to go.

The contractor said, "An engineer who plans a bridge of zinc
Is rather economical than practical, I think."
But the Board replied, "Be good enough to carry out the plan,
And don't presume to criticise a scientific man."

De Vere, however, recognised the wisdom of the thing
(For, the commonest of carnivores may contemplate a king),
So, he whispered to his critic, "As the bridge is sure to fall
Use lath and plaster, blotting paper, anything at all."

Our hero built a vehicle—a sort of wheeled canoe—
To facilitate the working of the principle in view;
And so arranged the carriage that, according as it sped,
It lifted up the rails behind and laid them down ahead.

The rails were so constructed as at pleasure to expand,
And become adapted either to the water or the land ;
Then the power was a substance which—however it was done—
He endowed with some facility for following the sun.

This substance (like a gas balloon), if freed, away it went,
Nor obeyed the law of gravity to any great extent;
But of course it was encumbered with the weight of the canoe,
For to counteract its buoyancy was necessary too.

He held an outdoor meeting for the members of the press,
And, seated in his vehicle, thus ended his address,
"I'll start at noon, will disappear, go round the world, and then
At twelve o'clock to-morrow, you shall meet me here again."

THE PROPHECIC C.E.

The contractor, who was present, shouted out to him "Oh, no!
You'll sign these few certificates for me before you go."
Just then they heard the stroke of noon, but could not see
nor hear
Their Archimedes Kofferdam Theodolite De Vere.

Next day before eleven they assembled at the spot;
It seems that some expected him to come and others not.
They waited there from morn to noon, from noon to close
of day,
When, lest the licensed houses should be closed, they went
away.

Some say they saw a spot upon the sun, and others swear
They heard at midday, overhead, a buzzing in the air;
And, though they were notoriously imaginative men,
The fact remains that Kofferdam was never seen again.

MORAL.

All those who think their century unduly slow or fast
Subordinate the present to the future or the past;
So, neither trust a fossil, like his father, nor a seer
Like Archimedes Kofferdam Theodolite De Vere.

Stranger than Fiction.

How poets can be said to live
In unpoetic times
Might, could, would, should, or ought to give
A field for poets' rhymes.
Though I've enough (if times were good
I'd add the words "to spare,")
It must be clearly understood
I'm not a millionaire.

You think that "poet" is a word
You can't apply to me;
That such conclusion is absurd
I mean to make you see.
The stanza following will show
My claim to bardic hair;
No extra charge for it, although
I'm not a millionaire.

*The orb of day hath sped away,
And nothing interferes
To conjure back, or even stay
The voiceless pomp of years!*
[The reader when he casts his eye
On those italics there
Will drop a tear, and wonder why
I'm not a millionaire.]

Although my wife has costly taste,
In justice be it said,
She has a very pretty waist,
And such a pretty head.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

She orders dresses every day,
And plaits of yellow hair;
It cuts me to the heart to say
"I'm not a millionaire."

I said to her on Tuesday week,
When we were quite alone,—
(If necessary I can speak
With tenderness of tone.)
"It may surprise you, and it may
Be very hard to bear,
But,"—here she fainted right away—
"I'm not a millionaire."

Oh! would that it had been my fate
To rise, we'll say, at ten,
To breakfast late, to lunch til! eight,
And have my dinner then!
Such dinner to be stated in
A gorgeous bill of fare,—
But, query:—how about the tin?
I'm not a millionaire.

Then why proceed in stilted style
To overstate the case,
Erecting castellated pile
On atmospheric base?—
Expense would make the money go
As money makes the mare;
Perhaps it's just as well, if so,
I'm not a millionaire!



"She orders dresses every day."

The Pirate.

"THE Pirate comes ; beware, be ware!"
And ware enough I soon became.
But still he seized me by the hair,
He stole my purse, he took my name ;
He seized my ship, he seized my hat,
He seized my beer, my bread and cheese ;
You need not be surprised at that,
He was a Pirate on the seize.

My crew called out, " Beseech, be seech,"
And seech enough I then became ;
I said, " Pray beach me on the beach,
Or on the rocks, it's all the same."
I grasped him round his gory boot,
On supplication all intent,
But, with the accents of a brute,
He said " Leave go," and I leave went.

" To arms," I cried, " Begin, be gin,"
And gin enough my crew became ;
Some shots fell thick and others thin,
The Pirate's guns replied with flame ;
At last we showed a flag of truce,
Our ammunition being spent ;
But still, it wasn't any use,
He said, " Go to," and to I went.

THE PIRATE

"Oh, conquered crew, bewail, be wail,
And wail enough my crew became ;
Each gallant sailor, deadly pale,
In tears bemoaned his fleeting fame.
"Weep on," I said, and grimly smiled ;
"Look not for hope amid despair,
Betrayed, bewildered, and beguiled."
So, wildered, trayed, and guiled they were.

"But look, see there beyond, be yond,"
And, yond enough, we raised a shout ;
For, steaming o'er the herring-pond,
A British gunboat put about.
Her captain cried across the wave,
"Oh, good Sir Pirate, fie, for shame ;
Unpleasant man, behave, be have."
And have enough he then became.

"Uncivil man, bethink, be think ;"
And think enough the Pirate was ;
"From duty's call I must not shrink,
When gentlemen defy the laws.
But, all the same, I'll set you free
(Although I hold you much to blame)
If you will raise your hat to me,
In fact, succumb." So he succame.

Hard Lines.

(A HUNDRED OF THEM, REPRESENTING A HUNDRED UP.)

SCENE: *A public billiard room. MARKER and Mr. HAWKE discovered.*

Enter Mr. PIDGEON.

Hawke. "VERY wet outside."

Pidgeon. "Pouring helter-skelter,
So I thought that I'd
Like to be in shelter."

Hawke. "Very heavy rain—
Looks to me like thunder."

Pidgeon. "I shall miss my train.
Will it last, I wonder?"

Hawke. "Yes, I fear it will;
See; it's getting darker.
Now it's darker still.
Turn the gas up, marker.
Care to have a game?
I'm a mere beginner."

Pidgeon. "I'm the very same,
You'll come off the winner."

Hawke. "Well, then, be it so;
I'll be first, and you last.
Hang me if I know
When I touched a cue last.
Any choice?"

HARD LINES.

Pidgeon. "I've not.
Make your own selection."

Hawke. "Then, I'll play with 'spot,'
If you've no objection.
Marker, spot the red."

Pidgeon. "Shall I break, or you, sir?"

Hawke. "You can go ahead
While I chalk my cue, sir."

Pidgeon. "One, all; good safe miss.
Canon on—a fine one."

Hawke. "Good stroke! Blow the kiss;
Three, one; six, one; nine, one.
This is quite too good."

Pidgeon. "Twelve, one; come together.
Fortune's favours should
Counteract the weather.
Now, sir; one, nineteen
Though I've scored, the fact is
I for years have been
Wholly out of practice.
Nineteen, one; I say,
There you've left a three, see.
I'm in luck to-day.
Now the canon's easy.
Thirty-seven, one;
One to thirty-seven.
That was neatly done.
Eight and three, eleven.
Now's your time to break."

HARD LINES.

Hawke. "Yes, break down; I knew it,
If you'd care to stake
Anything, I'll do it,
Though I never bet,
Though a heavy wager
Is my horror,—yet
Every seasoned stager
Finds a certain zest
From the fear of paying;
No one plays his best
When it's merely playing."

Pidgeon. "I'm ahead, you know,
And of course I'm willing.
As you wish it so,
Just to risk a shilling."

* * * *

Hawke. "Marker, call the score.
Ah, my chance is gone, sir;
Sixty, ninety-four.
Still, I'll struggle on, sir.
Let us make a match,
Though I'm playing badly."

Pidgeon. "I've a train to catch,
Or I'd play you gladly."

Hawke. "Very well; if you
Cannot think of staying,
I'll take twelve to two
On the game we're playing.
Come; a five-pound note—
Lay me five to one, sir;
I'll take off my coat."

HARD LINES.

Pidgeon. "Four to one, sir."

Hawke. "Done, sir.
"Have I change? What of?"

Pidgeon. "Five-pound note."

Hawke. "No need, sir.
I give you a sov.;
Now we may proceed, sir.

* * * *

Ninety-seven, all.

Now your chances dwindle.

Did I hear you call

My good game a swindle?

There; I've won; hurroo!

If you want to fight, I'm

Game for six of you

Any day or night time.

Right, sir; off you go.

Don't be broken-hearted.

Fools and cash, you know,

May be easy parted.

[*Exit Mr. PIDGEON.*

Didn't he look glum?

Seemed inclined to smash one.

Where's the note? Oh, come;

Hang it all, a flash one!"

Mysterious Mr. E.

A GENTLEMAN, whose name was —— No, perhaps he wouldn't care

To have it known : however that is neither here nor there,
Supposing for convenience that we call him Mr. B——
Engaged a quiet lodging in a cottage by the sea.

A delightful situation where the scenery was fine,
Though he didn't care for scenery, it wasn't in his line ;
The place was pretty close to the metropolis of D—— ;
I mean the situation of the cottage by the sea.

The owner, or proprietor—describe him as you will—
The man that B——was lodging with (he lodges with him still,)
Was a miracle of mystery,—we'll call him Mr. E—— ;
I am speaking of the owner of the cottage by the sea.

This owner was a silent man,—which wasn't any harm,
Who was never known to read or write, or speculate or farm :
But, whatever his profession, it was evident that he
Had a lot of occupation in the cottage by the sea.

At a very little distance from this maritime abode
An establishment was opened at the corner of the road ;
It supplied with every grocery from vinegar to tea
The people who inhabited the cottage by the sea.

To man and beast it offered entertainment ; but I think
To the latter in particular, and usually drink ;
And a customary customer was quiet Mr. E——
(The proprietor or owner of the cottage by the sea.)

From the road you'd think the cottage a considerable size,
But, on entering, you got a disagreeable surprise :

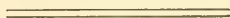
THE CHIMPANZOR AND THE CHIMPANZEE.

And visitors occasionally commented on the
Insignificant interior of the cottage by the sea.

But creditors particularly commented upon
The fact that the proprietor was certain to be gone
(You remember, the proprietor was quiet Mr. E——)
As often as they visited the cottage by the sea.

When it happened that the owner was eventually found,
His finances were adjusted by a shilling in the pound ;
But that's of little consequence, you'll readily agree,
When you know a little more about the cottage by the sea.

I heard on good authority—but mischief might ensue
If it ever got about that I was gossiping with you,
So you needn't look for anything additional from me
In relation to the matter of the cottage by the sea.



The Chimpanzor and the Chimpanzee.

ONE Balaam Vermicelli Lepidoptera FitzApe
(Zoological Professor in a College at the Cape),
As a competent authority is quoted even now,
As the Royal Zoological Society allow.

Without ever introducing any element of chance,
He could tell an armadillo from a spider at a glance;
A beetle from a buffalo, a lobster from a leech,
And he knew the scientific terminology for each.



"Consulting the barometer."

THE CHIMPANZOR AND THE CHIMPANZEE.

And he hesitated rarely to pronounce upon the spot
Whether any given object was an animal or not;
He was clever at comparative anatomy—he knew
The *aurora borealis* from the common cockatoo.

He studied perseveringly, and had, so people said,
For a work on entomology material in his head;
But he left it there to germinate, and hopefully began
To investigate the question of the origin of man.

Humanity descended, as he confidently showed,
From the ape, the sloth, the otter, the chameleon, and the toad;
And the latter from a tadpole, which was only head and tail,
And whose parents were respectively a minnow and a snail.

Those who noted his appearance were contented to agree
That such, for anything they knew, was his ancestral tree;
His claim to such progenitors they scrupled to condemn,
But the Adam and the Eve descent was good enough for them.

He said, "The use of weapons is depriving man of nails;
For the element of artificiality prevails.
The nails of men—no longer claws—grow softer every day:
And even those of women have a tendency that way.

"Abnormally hirsute myself, I think it only fair
To publish the humiliating theory that hair
Is a remnant of the monkey—as the 'mannikin' is called;
And men of real intellect are generally bald."

He started for the central parts of Africa, and he
Found the hairier inhabitants the further from the sea,

THE CHIMPANZOR AND THE CHIMPANZEE.

Till, finally he came upon a most undoubted ape,
Which resembled him remarkably in feature and in shape.

It possessed the human instincts in a marvellous degree;
It could readily distinguish between alcohol and tea,
And developed such a fancy for the former of the two
That it followed him to Capetown, where he put it in the Zoo.

He delivered then a lecture to the *savants* of the place,
And they said it served to illustrate his theory of race.
He dressed it up in clothes of his, which seemed to make it
proud,
And it smoked, and drank, and chattered, and attracted quite
a crowd.

The two were seldom separate—the Doctor and his prize—
And the latter soon was looking preternaturally wise;
For the sake of wearing glasses, it had feigned its sight was dim;
For, in everything conceivable it imitated him.

“Observe this cultured creature,” said FitzApe, “and, if you can,
Discriminate at sight between the monkey and the man.”
But as they looked from it to him, and then from him to it,
They declared themselves unable to discriminate a bit.

“I now shall bring it home,” he said, “to stay with me a week;
And, before that time is over, I’ll have taught it how to speak.
I’ve had a cage constructed in my study, though indeed
For such coercive measures there’s no longer any need.”

The Professor and his *protégé* were sitting, after tea,
Enjoying some Havannahs and liqueurs of *cau de vie*,
When the animal was seized with such ungovernable rage,
That the man suspected violence, and got into the cage.

THE CHIMPANZOR AND THE CHIMPANZEE.

But, further disconcerting the distinguished refugee,
The monkey calmly locked the cage and pocketed the key;
It took the flask of brandy and a bundle of cigars,
And scornfully regarded the Professor through the bars.

It seized its patron's hat and cane, umbrellas, overcoats,
A purse or two of sovereigns, a roll or so of notes;
Then—consulting the barometer—a mackintosh or two,
And, bowing to him more or less respectfully, withdrew.

His friends next morning found him in a pitiable plight;
He said, "Pray let me out of this, I've been locked up all night.
That most inhuman monkey has incarcerated me:
Run after him, and force him to deliver up the key."

Then one of them remarked: "I heard our good Professor tell
That a monkey might articulate, and this one does it well."

- Another said, "FitzApe is gone to travel north again,
I met him muffled up last night, and making for the train."

In vain the Doctor pleaded; it was all of no avail.
He said, "The real monkey had a little bit of tail."
But "No," said they, "your friend has gone to bring you home
a mate,
And, pending his arrival, you will only have to wait."

MORAL.

In starting a menagerie, you safely may assume
That a cage is less commodious than an ordinary room.
So, harbour no phenomenon too like yourself in shape,
Like Balaam Vermicelli Lepidoptera FitzApe.

The Conscientious M.P.

ONE Ananias Washington Pythagoras Malone
Had a habit of veracity peculiarly his own.
He seldom spoke, but, if he did, you safely might depend
That controversial argument was simply at an end.

If he contradicted men with University degrees,
If he stated that the moon was an exaggerated cheese,
If he said that he was handsomer and cleverer than you,
You might make an affidavit it was literally true.

No utterance, however insignificant or crude,
That he might please to promulgate could ever be reviewed;
The Prime Minister acknowledged that a statement from Malone
Was as free from ambiguity as many of his own.

The Bungleton constituency—numbering but ten—
Like Brutus's acquaintances were 'honourable men,'
And eventually seven, having happened to agree
On an honourable gentleman, elected him M.P.

In choosing representatives, communities at large
Have a grave responsibility, a duty to discharge;
But here was no embarrassment, the preference was shown
For Ananias Washington Pythagoras Malone.

He told them he was worthy of the privilege conferred,
And the seven who had voted for him heartily concurred;
While even the minority who'd ventured to oppose
Were incapable of murmuring the customary "noes."

THE CONSCIENTIOUS M.P.

Now it mustn't be imagined that Pythagoras Malone
Had ever dared to circulate opinions of his own.
The sense of the majority was his directing star
(We are a wise community; we are, we are, we are).

He reached the House of Commons, and, the moment
he appeared,
Was recognised and most enthusiastically cheered;
He shook hands with the majority, and presently a pair
Of members undertook to introduce him to the Chair.

They proceeded to administer the necessary oath,
But Pythagoras remembered he was naturally loth
To take it, or commit himself to anything, until
He was perfectly aware of his constituency's will.

To the Burgesses of Bungleton he telegraphed, and they
Replied to him laconically, "Osculate away."
So, he went through that formality, quite easy in his mind,
And chose a bench to sit upon—the fullest he could find.

A little later on, he caught the Speaker's eye, but then
Of course he had to telegraph to Bungleton again,
And, unfortunately, long before an answer could return,
The motion had been carried "That the House do now adjourn."

The others left; he lingered, and, before he went away,
He had learned what his constituents expected him to say.
He committed it to memory in order to recite
As much of it as possible the next ensuing night.

Next evening found the Honourable Member in his place,
With a look of pent-up eloquence apparent on his face;

THE CONSCIENTIOUS M.P.

But a rigmarole denouncing the "Deceased wife's sister" Bill
May be reckoned inappropriate to waterworks at Rhyl.

However, when the latter Bill was going to a vote,
He started up, took off his hat, and, clearing out his throat,
Said, "Mr. Speaker, just as yet I haven't got a wife,
But, if she had a sister, and insurance on her life,

"Perhaps, a large insurance, and her sister——well, of course,
The case is hypothetical, but multitudes endorse
My sentiments——however, whether that be so or not,
My widow, no, I mean my wife—the one I haven't got——"

The Speaker said, "The Honourable Member is aware
That these matrimonial subtleties are not before the Chair;
He will therefore kindly moderate his eloquence, until
His arguments have something of a bearing on the Bill."

Then Ananias Washington Pythagoras Malone
Said, "The British Constitution is for ever overthrown,
I give notice of a question for to-morrow night—'How long
Shall the People's voice be trodden on by tyranny and wrong?'"

His numerous inestimable qualities of mind
In the case of Ananias were conveniently combined
With such symmetry of feature and such elegance of form
As to take the pericardia of heiresses by storm.

One evening, at a party in a fashionable Square,
His hostess introduced him to a lady who was there:—
One Salamanderetta Coleoptera Magee,
Who was fascinated greatly by the popular M.P.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS M.P.

Now Salamanderetta was the loveliest of girls,
And from time to time had jilted many Baronets and Earls,
A Marquis, an Archdeacon, an Attorney, a Marine,
A Commissioner in Lunacy, a Jockey and a Dean.

Her accomplishments, her beauty and her talent were the rage
(Had she merely been a beauty she'd have gone upon the stage);
But her independent fortune was considerable too,
And to this her popularity in some degree was due.

Thought Washington "She loves me," and he rightly diagnosed;
And, was it not to her the vast majority proposed?
A cracker after supper, and a whisper, and a sigh.
(I shall not record his question nor the terms of her reply.)

But it flashed across his mind that his constituency, when
They elected him, a bachelor, passed over married men.
So he wrote them out a history of what had taken place,
And asked for their unprejudiced opinion of the case.

They hardly saw how their advice could be of any use,
But they gathered from his letter that he wanted an excuse;
So, they telegraphed the following oracular reply —
"Nocturnal vigils ill befit the matrimonial tie."

Malone then wrote to Miss Magee, "It cuts me to the heart,
You sweet pet angel, to announce that you and I must part.
My greatest happiness would be to claim you as my bride,
But my vision of felicity is rudely set aside.

"The Burgesses of Bungleton decline to answer 'yes,'
And I, their representative, can only acquiesce.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS M.P.

Regard me as a brother or as somebody unknown.
Yours faithfully, A. W. Pythagoras Malone."

Then the lady brought an action, on such reasonable grounds,
That her counsel laid the damages at twenty thousand pounds.
The defendant did his duty in the Senate, as before,
With his old impartiality, and possibly with more.

One evening, on awaking, he was paralysed to find
A division being taken, and it came into his mind
That, although to vote was absolutely necessary, still
It was now too late to ascertain the Bungleonian will.

He found himself a fixture in the middle of the floor.
For, his principles restrained him from approaching either door;
So violent the conflict as to what he ought to do
That he went in both directions till he pulled himself in two.

MORAL.

Young ladies who are affluent and beautiful and free,
Like Salamanderetta Coleoptera Magee,
Never look at any man without opinions of his own,
Like Ananias Washington Pythagoras Malone.

Time is Money—Sometimes.

ONE Angelina Clementina Seraphina Beers
Had subscribed to a Benevolent Society for years,
Incorporated duly by Her Majesty Queen Anne,
A year or two before the present century began.

The Incorporate Society, of such and such a date,
To give suitable annuities, according to their state,
In pursuance of a regularly constituted plan,
To decayed unmarried gentlewomen so-and-so *per an.*

In the matter of philanthropy the enterprise was good,
But the Board were idiotic, or they must have understood
That a lady might submit to being designated "maid,"
Who could not be brought to countenance the adjective
"decayed."

Now the Chairman of the Company, a reasonable man,
Contended there was nothing more objectionable than
Encouraging in idleness the *beneficiaires*,
And so insisted on them all contributing their shares.

Those seeking to participate were consequently told
That even ladies must become eventually old;
They were counselled in prosperity to save their £ *S. D.*,
And invited to investigate the habits of the bee.

"The Committee," said the Chairman, who was reckoned very
wise,

"Are not empowered to insist, they only can advise;
For a yearly contribution the Society engage
To provide for the contributor respectably in age.

TIME IS MONEY — SOMETIMES.

“ The subscription is but nominal, you consequently will
Not feel the burden, which, indeed, is practically *nil*—
The yearly liability is only half-a-crown.”
And here the Chairman, rather unexpectedly, sat down.

It seems I have omitted to apprise you of the fact
That the meeting was a public one, and very densely packed;
And among the people most enthusiastic in their cheers
Was Angelina Clementina Scraphina Beers.

In came the money; donors were as numerous, at least,
As the leaves in Vallombrosa—*vide* poet, now deceased.
(These poetical expressions we occasionally glean,
Although we don't know what the Mephistopheles they mean.)

In addition to the nucleus of half-a-crown *per an*.
(Eight hundred thousand were enrolled the day the thing began),
A considerable subsidy was promised there and then
By bachelors and widowers and even married men.

There were mortgages on property made over to the Board;
A Duke gave nearly one *per cent.* of what he could afford;
And very wealthy personages made them legatees
To enormous sums of money in the Government New Threes.

Then, moreover, the society were constituted heirs
To American securities and other foreign shares
(Which nobody had ever heard a word about before),
And a bond or two of Bogus's Co-operative Store.

The Chairman, whose munificence was known throughout the
Devised that his executors, administrators, and [land,



"He said that age was honourable—he himself was old."

TIME IS MONEY — SOMETIMES.

Assigns should take in full discharge the Company's receipt
For a full-length portrait of himself, with frame and all complete.

A Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries then,
Who had Scriptural authority for "three-score years and ten,"
Reported on the monetary aspect of affairs,
And the probable annuities to *beneficiaires*.

"A lady," his report declared, "on reaching sixty-four,
May be promised an annuity of twenty pounds or more;
But when she comes to sixty-nine, the Board can safely give
Ten thousand, for she only has another year to live."

But this was most unpractical—it soon was clearly shown
That ladies would much rather die than have their ages known;
And many died from age and want, protesting to the last
That they might be nearly thirty-five, but certainly not past.

The Committee then suggested that infirmity might be
Established by a medical certificate; but he
(The actuary) said that such devices should be shunned,
Or they'd sap the vital principle which underlay the fund.

The years rolled by, but still no claim was made upon the store,
Which year by year accumulated more and more and more;
And some, who had contributed for three-score years and ten,
Said, "If we're spared till Christmas, we'll be thirty-seven then."

Now Angelina Clementina Seraphina Beers
Was, as you may have anticipated, getting on in years.
Eventually, all the rest had given up the ghost,
But she persevered in stating she was forty at the most.

TIME IS MONEY — SOMETIMES.

Then a special Act of Parliament was introduced and passed
To dispose of all the money the Committee had amassed;
And the obstinate old lady with the complicated name
Was held, as sole contributor, to have a pressing claim.

The "decayed unmarried gentlewoman, Seraphina Beers,"
Was entitled to one-third upon acknowledging her years,
On making no objection to be designated "maid,"
And on tacit acquiescence in the adjective "decayed."

In default of her consent, the Act of Parliament laid down
That her share—about four million—should be forfeit to the
Crown.

(The assets of the Company were estimated at
Some eleven million sterling, or a trifle over that.)

Two-thirds were given (public moneys annually are)
To redeeming certain Government securities at par;
And correspondents "trespassed on the valuable space"
Of sundry periodicals, referring to the case.

Henceforth each post brought specimens of jewellery and
Innumerable eligible offers for her hand;
Her humble lodgings were besieged from morn to dewy eve
By those who said their hearts were unaccustomed to deceive.

Miss Beers declared her catalogue must positively close,
But, notwithstanding this, the men continued to propose—
A Prince, an Earl, a Baronet, a Major, and a Knight,
And a General whose pockets were exceptionally light,

TIME IS MONEY — SOMETIMES.

A Deputy-Lieutenant with a tendency to bet,
And a multitude of Honourables heavily in debt,
An ex-Colonial Bishop, an infinity of Deans,
And a wealthy manufacturer of winnowing machines.

The Bishop was a good old man, she loved his purple face,
Each silver hair was eloquent of dignity and grace,
His calves were quite symmetrical, his smile was ever bland,
And paternally episcopal the pressure of his hand.

"A spinster," said the worthy man, "enjoys a quiet life,
And many are the duties appertaining to a wife;
But, before refusing matrimony, hesitate a space,
For, to shirk responsibility at times is out of place.

"Your fortune, when you claim it, will be very large indeed;
Unprincipled adventurers would marry you for greed.
All gold and silver I regard as sublunary dross,
But still to lose four millions would be certainly a loss.

"Just think," he said, "how charitable you and I could be
To the poor benighted savages, who dwell beyond the sea;
The missions there are languishing from paucity of twine,
I will double my subscription if you promise to be mine."

So she promised; and the Bishop, when subscription-day came
round,
Instead of half-a-sovereign contributed a pound;
But the worthy prelate deprecated popular applause
For his energetic action in the missionary cause.

TO MY FIRST LOVE.

Miss Beers's cheeks were hollow, and her eyes were far from
bright,
Her few remaining tresses had assumed a snowy white;
An embarrassing decrepitude confined her to her room;
Three-quarters of a century had sapped her youthful bloom.

The Bishop tried, but tried in vain, to make her claim the gold;
He said that age was honourable—he himself was old;
But, in spite of all the Doctor of Divinity could do,
She never would acknowledge she was over forty-two.

At length she fell a victim to the dilatory Fates;
The Board of Guardians buried her, and charged it to the rates;
And the Bishop wept disconsolate but inexpensive tears
For Angelina Clementina Seraphina Beers.

To My First Love.

I REMEMBER
Meeting you
In September
Sixty-two.
We were eating,
Both of us ;
And the meeting
Happened thus :—
Accidental,
On the road :
(Sentimental
Episode.)



"You were seven, I was ten"

TO MY FIRST LOVE.

I was gushing,
You were shy,
You were blushing,
So was I.
I was smitten,
So were you.
(All that's written
Here is true.)
Any money?
Not a bit.
Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows we plighted,
Happy pair!
How delighted
People were!
But your father,
To be sure,
Thought it rather
Premature;
And your mother,
Strange to say,
Was another
In the way.
What a heaven
Vanished then!
(You were seven,
I was ten.)
That was many
Years ago,
Don't let any-
body know.

The Cattle Show.

IF you care for seeing cattle
You can see them now and then
At the Cattle Show, and that'll
Do for unbucolic men.
Pay the customary sum for
Going in, and you can see
Cattle (which you've paid and come for),
And a lot of matters free:—

Big machines for agriculture,
Which you fail to comprehend,
Though it's true you may consult your
Catalogue from end to end;
Big machines for manufacture,
Which you fail to understand,
Though it's true you may have racked your
Brain for many minutes, and

Sought in vain for information,
From the people standing round
(Where they crowd to suffocation
I am seldom to be found).
Unenlightened still, you think it's
Time you turned away from there,
Saw the mousetraps, lace, and trinkets,
Tops for spinning in the air.

Further still you wander, taking
Briefer glances as you pass
At the catapults for breaking
And cements for mending glass;

THE CATTLE SHOW.

Types for marking your initials,
Or your name, if pretty short ;
(Typographical officials
Plague you more than any sort.)

Patented machines for drawing
Corks, a million in a day ;
Complicated saws for sawing
Bricks and mortar into clay.
These, exhibitors inform us,
Save one's time—they do no doubt—
True the cost appears enormous,
But they can't be done without.

Now the cattle—this “commended,”
That a first or second prize ;
Can these honours be intended
As certificates of size?
Here's the answer I arrive at—
And it's never known to fail—
Every winner (this is private)
Bears a ribbon on the tail.

This attracts the judge's notice,
And the odds are ten to one
That the giving of his vote is—
Well,—a word and I am done—
I shall buy some herds of cattle
And shall send them, thin or fat,
All with ribbons on, and that'll—
Well, we won't go into that.

The Ingenious M.D.

ONE Uvula DeGallipot Hippocrates Carew
Was assistant in a medical establishment at Kew;
So long ago, however, that at present—such is fame—
But few of the inhabitants will recognise the name.

If the drug in any bottle in the surgery was low,
It devolved upon the budding physiologist to go
And produce it from the cellar where the main supply was
packed:—

The Coroner officially elicited the fact.

For, regulate your family as ably as you will,
The catalogue of casualties never can be *nil*;
Some terminated fatally, but justice to Carew
Compels me to acknowledge they were marvellously few.

Of all the many recipes for sticking to the ghost
The vaccination principle attracted him the most;
The idea took such forcible possession of his mind
He determined on elaborating treatment of the kind.

He argued that, if small-pox is preventible by germs,
One might carry out a compromise on favourable terms
With the demon of dyspepsia and others of his clan,
The thitherto uncompromising enemies of man.

From ignorance of petty technicalities, I fear
I can hardly make his process pathologically clear;
But I know that he extracted from the virus of disease
A virulence the same in kind, but less by some degrees.

THE INGENIOUS M.D.

Well, thus it may be further, if not thoroughly explained:
To the animal existences, or germs, the lymph contained
He communicated virus of a kind to them unknown,
And superadded efficacies other than their own.

When he fancied that the germ was getting over this attack,
He administered lumbago to its microscopic back;
When he judged it convalescent and inclined to go about,
He troubled its invisible extremities with gout.

He gave it all the infantile disorders in a group—
Mumps, English measles, German measles, whooping cough
and croup.
His employer, who was blissfully unconscious of the fact,
Kept vaccinating children in accordance with the Act.

The beneficial consequences tended to confirm
His theory that ailments represented in the germ
Were nearly, if not absolutely, powerless to harm
The patient who was vaccinated with it in the arm.

It was evident the practice was decreasing every day;
And eventually business so completely fell away
That the doctor hadn't anything particular to do,
Except perhaps—on Saturdays—an accident or two.

This old practitioner (whose name I cannot now recall)
Was sorely exercised to find the work becoming small:
"A pound a week," he said, "is all I now can call my own;
I once made more by burial certificates alone.

THE INGENIOUS M.D.

"This dreadful place is under some inexplicable ban;
I settled here to benefit and cure my fellow man;
But he will not take a benefit, declines to seek a cure,
So he is very prosperous and I am very poor."

Carew was working at the germ, administering its
Percentage of sciatica and pleurisy and fits,
When his principal ejaculated "What am I to do,
O! Uvula DeGallipot Hippocrates Carew?"

"A physician," said his junior, "has a mission to fulfil,
For which you are disqualified by reason of your skill,—
To point away from frivolous and sublunary strife,
And teach the world the shortness and uncertainty of life.

"Man's life is but a vapour, for his years are brief and few,
Except when he encounters a practitioner like you;
Your skill has brought the practice down, it's hardly fit to sell;
But a good Insurance Agency would pay you very well."

The old man answered, taking his assistant by the hand,
"Your kindness I appreciate, your views I understand;
And, if you only profit by the warning I have shown,
While labouring for others' lives you won't forget your own.

"You've proved yourself a dutiful subordinate to me;
I'll give you up the practice when you've taken your degree."
Carew, who had been studying for years upon the sly,
Produced some parchment documents, and made him this
reply:—



"‘Now then, governor, get out.’"

THE INGENIOUS M.D.

"I noticed you were failing both in body and in mind,
And many, many years ago you ought to have resigned.
Examine these certificates, and recognise in me
A Licentiate in Surgery, a qualified M.D."

The plate that bore the old man's name was nearly smooth
with age;
The youth detached it from the door and gave it to the sage;
And then he screwed another on; its legend sharp and new
Was "Uvula DeGallipot Hippocrates Carew."

The venerable doctor was a little put about
By the courtly observation, "Now then, governor, get out,"
However, he submitted, and began to look around
For a good Insurance Agency,—which possibly he found.

Of course, it was but politic for Uvula Carew
To give up the line he formerly had chosen to pursue;
So he vaccinated infants in the statutory way,
And left them subject otherwise to natural decay.

Still, his theory was anything but laid upon the shelf;
He kept elaborating germs and taking them himself,
Till he thought he had elicited a complicated cure
For everything humanity could possibly endure.

Not only did his coffers satisfactorily fill,
But he personally found himself impregnable to ill;
While to such a rate per thousand the mortality had grown
That he lived and thrived on burial certificates alone.

THE INGENIOUS M.D.

He expounded, in a lecture to the *savants* of the age,
How the ailments of humanity were easy to assuage;
But they ridiculed his theory, and commented with scorn
On the circumstance that he himself was troubled with a corn.

He granted their contention, it were idle to dispute
That he limped about the platform in a perforated boot;
But he said, "a slight callosity, unworthy of remark;
An itinerant chiropodist could cure it in the dark."

But still that night his bed was (metaphorically) thorns,
For with all his wise precautions he had quite forgotten corns;
And he knew that some disorders which are usually tame
Are more rampant in the strong than in the ordinary frame.

He consulted a chiropodist, who made him rather worse,
So he stayed in bed attended by an alcoholic nurse.
The corn was in his system; it would not be dispossessed;
And eventually finished him by seizing on the chest.

MORAL.

M.D.'s, make no discoveries,—or, never make them known;
For, the Faculty discountenance all knowledge but their own;
And, ere you quit the sylvan shade, indulge in no hulloo,
Like Uvula DeGallipot Hippocrates Carew.

Far and Near.

A PILGRIM, bound for Timbuctoo,
Across a waste of sand,
Obtained at length a distant view
Of ordinary land.
Two shadowy palm-trees overhung
A little patch of green,
Grass grew around them, and there sprung
A crystal well between.

Arriving at the spot whereon
Our friend had set his heart—
The greenness of the grass was gone
The blades were yards apart;
The trees were not umbriferous,
The well was muddy, and
Contained a pint of water plus
A dozen pints of sand.

A wild untutored savage heard
A barrel organ play,
It sounded like a tuneful bird,
For it was far away.
Enchanted with the magic sound
And being flush of tin,
He told the servant to go round
And fetch the minstrel in.

The minstrel came, and took his seat
Inside the parlour door;
The savage, eager for the treat,
Was deafened with the roar.

FAR AND NEAR.

The gas blew out, the windows cracked
 (He played some airy tunes).
Next day—inexplicable fact—
 The savage missed his spoons.

I loved: it was a photograph,
 Blue eyes and golden hair.
An unaffected angel laugh
 Made fairness doubly fair.
I wrote and offered her my hand
 With lots of *£ S. D.*
Return of post brought answer, and
 She had accepted me.

She came: the likeness had been good
 In eighteen sixty-one.
I almost wondered that it could
 Have been so lately done.
She wished to keep her promise; I
 Refused, on various grounds;
And still repent my folly:—why?
 It cost a thousand pounds.

A dozen stories such as these
 I could at will relate,
But three must answer, if you please,
 My views to illustrate.
A brief reflection comprehends
 The moral of the three:—
Alas! how often "Distance lends"
 On bad security.

Let Bygones be Bygonelets.

SWANS about to fly the gauntlet
To their last mysterious hauntlet,
Chaunt (so poets say) a chauntlet,
 Though they never sang before;
Therefore, ere the rippling wavelet
Closes o'er my briny gravelet,
I shall also try a stavelet
 And be silent evermore.

Oh, more piercing than the gimlet
Let me make my final hymnlet,
Then perform a downward swimlet
 Where the moist mermaidens meet.
Sweet pet angel, diamond tartlet,
Here is Cupid's wasted dartlet,
Torn reluctant from my heartlet,
 Thrown encrimsoned at your feet.

Once we wandered by the streamlet,
Dreamed a vain but happy dreamlet,
Briefly brightened by the beamlet
 From aforesaid Cupid's torch.
Oh, once more to skim the lakelet,
Home to supper, chop or steaklet,
Watching less the fendered cakelet
 Get becindered or a scorch.

Oh, with thee to share a cutlet
In some lowly village hutlet;

LET BYGONES BE BYGONELETS.

Union first, then poorhouse—but let
Such ambition lose its charm.
Soon shall I forget the bracelet
In its red morocco caselet,
And the smile upon your facelet
As I clasped it on your arm.

Though a something in your eyelet
Seemed to prophesy a crylet;
Then a very long good-byelet,
Then a kiss across the gate.
And the parting seemed a cloudlet
Fallen on me like a shroudlet.
Memories, you silly crowdlet,
What are you to strive with Fate?

Here I finish up my leaflet;
Now to seek a seaside reeflet.
Both the griever and his grieflet
From your memory efface.
If you like, put up a tablet,
Just a thirty-shilling slablet.

* * * *

Cabby, drive me in thy cablet
To the nearest drowning-place.

Forgive and Forget.

"FORGIVE and Forget"? Both together?
You say so, and I am coerced ;
But I doubt very seriously whether
The second consists with the first :
Because, through forgetfulness living,
One may chance to forget to forgive ;
Or, having forgotten forgiving,
May again let the opposite live.

You forgot : I forgave your forgetting ;
But, remember, I never forgot ;
For, I kept as an aid to regretting
Your forget- (or, remember) me-not.
And I doubt if there's any one living
With such funds of forgiveness in store.
I forgive : you forget my forgiving :—
I forgive your forgetting, once more.

Now, I feel irresistibly driven
To confess—whether clearly or not—
I forget what it is I've forgiven,
I forget what it was you forgot.
Then, as to forgiveness—I'm ready,—
But my memory leaks like a sieve ;
I freely forgive you ; but, steady—
I forget what I have to forgive.

Love by Hearsay.

I HEAR them talk of lovers' vows,
Now fraught with smiles, and now with sighing,
Of mute replies from speaking eyes,
Of lips that speak without replying ;
Of loves that burn without return,
Of tears more eloquent than speaking,
Of hearts that break for others' sake,
And eyes from eyes their answer seeking.

I hear them speak of lovers' woes,
Of death the sweet, and life the bitter ;
Of hopes and fears, of joy and tears,
Of hope that's sweet, and love that's sweeter ;
Of words of fire which hearts inspire,
Of souls with souls their causes pleading,
Of lips that meet in kisses sweet,
Of hand in hand its answer reading.

I hear them tell of love's deccits—
How acting plays the part of passion ;
How beaming eyes are lit with lies,
While truth is dull and out of fashion ;
How tongues that might defend the right
May leave too late the words unspoken,
How hearts of steel pretend to feel,
While hearts that break appear unbroken.

"Bessie."

REMEMBERING that Limerick town
Was famous for its pretty lasses,
A brother bard and I went down,
We bought "returns," two second classes.
We found a very good hotel,
Where dwelt the subject of my essay,
Of all the Limerick belles the belle,
Thought I at once, "her name is 'Bessie.'"

Next day I saw her once again,
Her eyes were bright, her cheeks were rose-like
Her figure was perfection, then
Her nose I never saw a nose like.
Her smile was sweet, her curling hair
Was neither gold nor raven-tressy,
Not dark and not exactly fair,
I felt convinced her name was "Bessie."

For church I found her starting, though
I never knew that angels went there;
They go to make poor sinners go
In hopes the latter may repent there.
Her hat was brown, her ulster neat,
She looked well dressed, but not too dressy,
And, as I watched her down the street,
I could have sworn her name was "Bessie."

"BESSIE."

Next day I said her name I'd guess ;
I guessed some seventy or eighty,
From Bessie, Betsy, Betty, Bess,
To Kathleen, Kitty, Katty, Katie,
Theresa, Alice, Rose, Elaine,
Clotilda, Martha, Sophie, Jessie,
Faustine, Pandora, Mary-Jane,—
Although quite sure her name was "Bessie."

My list, I grant, was rather long,
She smiled, and "now," thought I, "we're busy,"
But then she told me I was wrong,
Because her name was "Mary Lizzie."
But still I shall maintain till death
I'm not too bad at guessey-guessey,
What's Lizzie but Elizabeth,
And what's Elizabeth but "Bessie"?

THE END.

Los Angeles

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